

PUBLISHED BY  
PAUL RAYMOND  
£1.75

INTERNATIONAL

FRANCE Francs 39, ITALY Lire 8500,  
AUSTRIA AS 80, SWITZERLAND  
Francs 7.50, GERMANY DM 20,  
NETHERLANDS Gld 10.90, SPAIN Ptas 805

# club

**HOT STICKY SUMMER SPECIAL**

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 7

**BODY HEAT**  
**TEN GIRLS**  
**GASPING**  
**FOR IT**

**EV. BEAUTY**  
**PAULA**  
**HAMILTON**  
**SHE**  
**BARES**  
**ALL,**  
**VOLKS!**

**CLUB INTERVIEW**

**FINE YOUNG**  
**CANNIBALS**

**IT'S A KNOCKERS-OUT!**  
**SEE OUR**  
**FOXY**  
**BOXERS**

**TRAFFIC**  
**WARDEN**  
**ANDREA**  
**SAYS**  
**'PARK IT**  
**HERE!'**

**GINGER LYNN'S**  
**OUR HORNY**  
**PORN STAR**

**FREE FILOSEX**

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# TEASE!

# THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

The Club Editorial Rabble is in a good mood. It is 11 am: the Lloyd Cole and the Commotions retrospective album (1984–1989) is on the tape player (*that's why I'm in a BAD mood – Dominant Dowse*), the coffee is hot, we've all had a couple of sausage sandwiches and it's pub time in two hours. Nothing clouds the day: the huge roof garden atop our palatial Club HQ is full of birds twittering, gently waving cedar trees and my personal collection of lizards, basking in the sun. I'm a bit kinky that way, you know.

Mind you, this feeling of bliss isn't totally due to all that. We have just finished looking through all the pics for this edition of Club, and it sort of gives you a warm feeling all over – well,

warmer in some places  
than others . . .

But the warmest feeling of all comes from seeing Paula Hamilton, that girl from the Volkswagen TV ads, without any of her clothes on. Personally, it's fulfilled one of my greatest ambitions: when I first saw her on the telly, I thought . . . well, I won't spell it out to you, but the sound that came to the back of my throat was a sort of "fwoooooooooaaaaarrmmmmmmmmmm". You know what I mean. Seeing her nude is something completely different – as you can see on page 94.

There's also Andrea Clarke dressed as a traffic warden. Now that might not light everyone's candle, I know. It certainly didn't do too much for Editorial Assistant Swift, but maybe that's

because he's got the biggest collection of unpaid parking tickets in Soho (327, at the last count). I can see traffic wardens have nasty associations for him. In fact, that's the main reason I asked Andrea to slip into the hat with the yellow band. Call me cruel, call me vindictive, call me Zbigniew Brzinski, but I get a kick out of doing things like that. Andrea seemed to enjoy it, and that's the main thing. She's hardly taken the uniform off since.

And the rest of the mag?  
Well, we feel quietly  
confident you'll get the same  
warm feeling we did on  
looking at it. Sort of warm  
and sticky. Every girl  
lovingly selected, frenziedly  
undressed caringly  
photographed and drooled  
over with the utmost  
dedication. Enjoy. — *Ed*



*Karen  
takes her  
hat off to  
you*



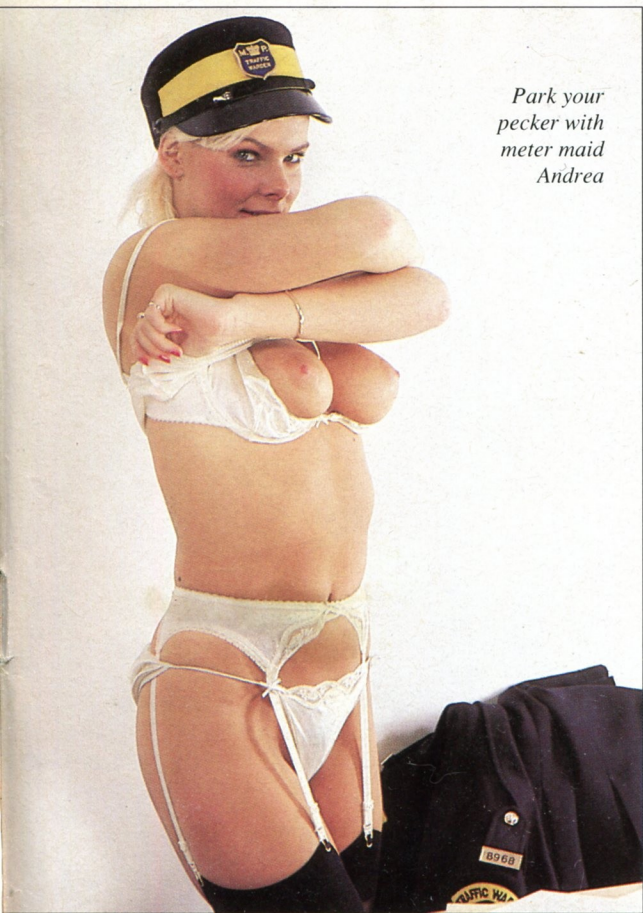
*Look out behind you, Julia!*



### Janet plumps up your pillows







*Park your  
pecker with  
meter maid  
Andrea*



*Do gentlemen really prefer Ginger?*



*Sexy Selina,  
the bird of  
Paradise*

# COME AGAIN

the girl you've  
asked to see

**B**ubbly blonde Jennifer, our naughty centrefold from Vol 18 No 5, most certainly had thousands of you desperate to misbehave with her. The lucky chaps who get this dedication are Bill of Chorley, Barry from Stoke Newington, Gareth of Pontypool and a strange lad called Arnold who's "trembling at the thought of what Jennifer could do to him". Given half a chance, mate! ♠





# IN THE BAG

*We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.*

## Feet First

Thanks for a great magazine (Vol 18 No 5) with the most gorgeous, sexy, juicy girls. All the poses are so provocative and from all kinds of tempting, mouth-watering angles. However, most of the time you manage to cut out for me the turn-on of turn-ons on a woman – her sexy feet!

How I crave to see pair after pair of beautifully manicured feet with red painted toenails, all clad in

black sheer nylon. My fantasy is having a beautiful girl come home to me after a hard day's work and kick off her stilettos so I can massage, kiss and lick her stockings beautiful feet, which would smell of leather and perspiration

Then I would roll off her sheer stockings and slowly smother her feet with my tongue and lips. Whilst indulging in the delights of her beautiful toes I'd be wanking myself into a

frenzy. What a turn-on!

Please could you print an article on this fetish as I know I'm not alone on this. And in future, more gorgeous feet please! – RT, West Sussex

P.S. Andrea's the absolute best; her feet are gorgeous. Feet, feet, feet – that's all you lot think about!

## In The Club!

What a brilliant issue Vol 18 No 4 was! Whoever put the luscious Christine on the

**Dear Polly,**  
I am so turned on by your terrific photo set in Club that I really don't know which pictures to spunk over – your fabulous, round arse peeping out of that pure white dress, your juicy soft pussy squeezed between those warm thighs, or your sensational squashy tits spilling out of that corset. Not to mention that wicked dirty twinkle in your eye – I could, and will, come over every sexy bit of you.

If I were with you on that bed, though, I think I'd start with that lovely bum of yours, stroking and squeezing it until the juices started dribbling from your cunt. Then I'd finger you and lick your twat till you were rolling with pleasure, your boobs bouncing as you bucked under my probing tongue. I think I'd lick you

till you came, so that as a reward, you'd then let me fondle your sensitive tits, making your nipples hard and nibbly.

Then I'd nestle my aching dick between your breasts and, squeezing your titty-flesh over my cock, you'd bring me off, so that I spilt my spunk over your neck. After that I'd do anything you wanted, Polly, till you were totally satisfied and thoroughly shagged out.

You're so sexy. I know you could get my cock hard as many times as you wanted. – Michael, Chesterfield

*Let me get one thing straight here, Michael – I never get shagged out! I'm always raring to go for yet another load of fresh spunk to be unloaded over my boobs. Think you can keep up with me?! – Polly*

cover deserves a pay rise. Please could you tell us exactly who she is – she has a great smile and the best tits

I've glimpsed in ages. I certainly hope you can do a photo set of her this year. We'd definitely miss out if

# IN ARREARS

Not to be outdone by the new series of porn princesses in Club, I am

proud to be able to give you 'Great Moments In Bottom History', a series

of three to cut out and collect. Perhaps the most famous bottom in ancient

history is the one that attached itself to Helen of Troy's legs. At the height of her infamy Helen was often to be seen cavorting on a table-top in Troy's most outrageous orgy club, *Bumfellow's*, doing

her party trick; cracking a bottle of champagne between her cheeks.

I'm sure you'll agree that it's about time such rear antics were seen in our day and age. – Billy Buttock ♣







completely nude and please more Christine, Sara, Andrea and Jennifer. Well done, chaps and chapesses! – *Bill, Cheadle*

*In answer to your question, Bill, the luscious lady from Vol 18 No 4 is none other than Page 3 favourite Christine Peake. And we'll get her to model if we possibly can, believe me! – Ed*

### Slipping Up

I was recently asked to decorate a kitchen for a neighbour who is divorced from her husband and has two daughters. All three women are good lookers and often give me cause for secret wanking sessions.

After I had been working for a couple of hours the mother said she was going out shopping and would be back in about an hour. As soon as she was gone I rushed upstairs to her bedroom and searched through her dressing table. I was soon rewarded by finding a drawer full of her underwear. All of it was expensive and mostly silk with lots of lace. I took out several pairs of silk French knickers and all the slips and petticoats in there.

The smell of her perfume lingered on the knickers as I put on a pink pair and then a white lacy petticoat over them. My cock was already straining and I began to wank slowly with the wonderful slippery material.

Soon I had also put a light blue petticoat and a scarlet petticoat over the white one and was wanking hard when I had a thought: "What about the daughters?" I rushed into the bedroom which they share only to find another drawer full of undies and some which they had been wearing lying around.

This was too much. Spunk

*continued on page 8*



## BARE ESSENTIALS

The picture you see here shows a line of the most luscious, soft, chewy, wibbly wobbly, spankable arses you could ever hope to see in your wildest wet dreams. The sort of arses we bring you all the time at Club. The sort that you've always wanted to rub your pecker into. For real.

Well, thanks to those lovely Colourbox video people (and our own generosity in not keeping them all for ourselves), now you can. 'Cos we've got ten copies of a spanking (geddit?) new vid called *Nudity Required*, a slapstick blue comedy that'll have you rolling in the aisles and rolling

out your stiffies. Allan Bryce described it as having "lots of gorgeous crumpet" in between his double knuckle shuffling sessions. Well worth a look or ten.

So you could be watching these arses in full live action colour in the comfort of your own home. Just imagine! But only if you can think of the most ludicrous, yet hilarious, caption to the pic.

Then send your entries to: Bum Spanking Comp, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The ones that we fish out of the bag with the office cane are the winners, but no spanking is included in the deal, alas. ♣

you didn't!

I didn't think the next issue would be as good but it was better (Vol 18 No 5), especially Sara for the *Come Again* slot and a sure winner for next year's Club Girl Of '89. What I like about Sara is the way her tits look nicely round and firm to touch, or to suck those great nipples till

### Top Ten Corner

1. Joanne Whalley – actress
2. Ellis Ward – TV Presenter
3. Lysette Anthony – actress
4. Amanda Donohue – actress
5. Carol Vorderman – TV Presenter
6. Kathy Lloyd – model
7. Alison Holloway – TV Presenter
8. Ruth Gordon – model
9. Imogen Stubbs – actress
10. Kathy Tayler – TV Presenter

*Lee, Sheffield*

they nearly burst. The way they don't look flat like muffins or droop without support is beautiful and a girl like Sara, who really spreads those legs so you can see that gorgeous cunt yet looks so innocent, could fuck me to death anytime.

And it's so nice to see a girl who's naturally blonde right down to her pubes, completely naked. So come on Club, let us see more girls

## filo sex

Fluff

The personal filing system has, of course, become the second most important appendage of any self-respecting yuppie, so we thought we'd provide you with a couple of personally organised young ladies. With the help of our exciting new Filosex series, you don't have to hide your copy of Club in the centre pages of *The Independent* to get an eyeful of a girl's best bits!

Simply cut around the dotted lines and slip your Filosex between Arrangements For Baby Sitter and Business Pending. Now every time you look up the number of your local Tibetan cuisine brasserie, you get a shuffy of your favourite tits and bums that's sure to cause a commotion in your Armanis! ♣

club  
INTERNATIONAL





# COME OFF IT!

And with yet more weird and not very wonderful things that you never knew about sex but were unafraid to ask, it's **Wayne Dollock**.

## MOUTH TO MOUTH

The vagina is full of remarkable tricks. In his book *The Dragon and the Phoenix*, E. Chou noted that vaginas can drink a glass of whisky, and even play the mouth organ.

## HOME GAMES

French troops marching off to war in the last century were said to provide their wives with dildos to keep them happy in their absence – and to reduce the risk of them committing adultery.



## SUCK OFF!

Two or three males in a thousand are able to suck their own penises to achieve orgasm and ejaculation.

## STIFF UPPER LIP

Under prolonged stimulation, young males are able to maintain a continuous erection for several hours. ♣

# IN THE BAG

continued from page 7

was beginning to leak from my cock into the silk knickers, so I tossed harder and soon felt my sperm rising. I shot the first squirt into the petticoats I was wearing and then, grabbing a very lacy black half-slip, sprayed the last of my spunk over it. The white spunk looked great all over the lace. I was so turned on I didn't hear one of the daughters come in behind me.

"You dirty wanker!" she said. "Look at the mess you've made on my underwear. It's a good job I've always fancied you." I was relieved to say the least.

Then, to my amazement she undid the buttons right down the front of her dress to reveal she was wearing black silk stockings, and matching royal blue silk suspenders, panties and split-sided petticoat. "Now I want some of the action," she said.

She sat on my face while I licked out her cunt. The blue petticoat completely covered my face. While I brought her to the boil she was tossing my cock off with a lemon coloured slip. She came first, and then, as I began to spunk, she squeezed my cock with the slip and said, "I want your spunk all over my stockings and knickers!" She wanked me off over her



## NUTTER'S CORNER

It's a wacky old world we live in, you know. While some people waste their time trying to find antidotes for incurable diseases, it's comforting to know that someone still has the time and dedication to

break the world record for the greatest number of cigarettes smoked at one time. This talented man manages to stuff an amazing 143 cigarettes into his humungous orifice and draw on them too! Smokin' Jim Mouth

(pull the other one, pal) isn't even a regular smoker, but then he couldn't be with a habit like that or he'd be living on a park bench. What will he do next? Produce a double-decker bus from his bottom, perhaps? Whatever it is we're sure it'll be another worthwhile exercise, so give that man a cigar! ♣



thighs but I managed to squirt one lot over her neck and tits. Then she promised to clean up all my spunk and wash all the undies as long as I came back to lick her out regularly.

This I am only too pleased to do and I have now spunked over every pair of panties, stockings and all the slips and petticoats they own between them.

Maybe Mother will be next! — Michael, Kent



## Babysitting Blues!

When I see the lovely Andrea Clarke every month in Club I am reminded of a girl called Erin who used to babysit for me and my wife occasionally. She had beautiful blonde hair just like Andrea's, and, as I was to find out, an equally gorgeous body.

One evening she came to sit for us she looked particularly dishy, wearing a denim skirt, a plain white blouse (with nice, bobbing, bra-less tits underneath), and white ankle socks and sneakers. When we left Erin was watching TV, looking very comfortable stretched out in an armchair. Anyway, my wife was taken ill with a migraine while we were out and we had to come back early. She went straight up to

*continued on page 42*



*Your fly's undone!*





**D**espite the fact that this is Selina's first appearance in a magazine, she took to modelling straight away.

"When I was at university I did far too much socialising so my grant ran out in no time. Then a friend suggested that I should raise cash by posing for the art classes in my spare time as what they call a 'live model'. At first I was very nervous



*Photographs by Michael Moore*









about exposing myself in front of a whole class," explains our horny artists's muse, "especially because I knew a lot of them. But soon I began to really enjoy it and I got no end of offers of work from the guys and girls just for my tits and bum!











The only difficult thing about it was having to keep my fingers from straying between my legs, which is hard when you've got every eye in the room on your bare pussy. But I didn't have to hold myself back at all for Club!" ♣











Photographs by  
**JANET**  
 Scott Evans

and the missus like to copy all the strange positions we see in them," he said. "I went a bit too far the other night though, when I suggested we try it back to back. She says, that's impossible isn't it? No, it's not - I've invited another couple round!"

And then there's all the letters I get: like the one that came the other day from Mr Juan Kerr of Hampton Wick. He's a regular correspondent. "I like to

*continued on page 24*

Kwik Fit Euro, wet suits are fucking uncomfortable. After wrestling to get inside with the help of tyre levers and warm spoons, and sounding like one of those cunts that make dachshunds out of balloons, I found I couldn't stand up. At only the 23rd attempt, I got on to the board, only to find the bastard mast must have broken. Instead of sticking up, it was flopping limply in the water, not unlike the well-chilled Welsh member for Trousers South East. Fuck that, I thought, and waded back to the bar.

After ten pints of Dai Pissing's Best Bitter (85p) and a plate of the local delicacy, Burnt Cottage Pie (£2.75), I was feeling a bit better. "Ooooh, Nat bach, there's lufferly that wet suit looks on you, bach."

It was Myfanwy, white and pre-cut, obviously dying for a good filling. So I took her upstairs, and after struggling for a foothold, climbed on top. It was like fucking an inflatable fun castle, but nobody could say I didn't join in the hotel's activities. What's more, the wet suit proved a lot easier to clean when the cottage pie turned out to be only available on a time share basis . . . ♣



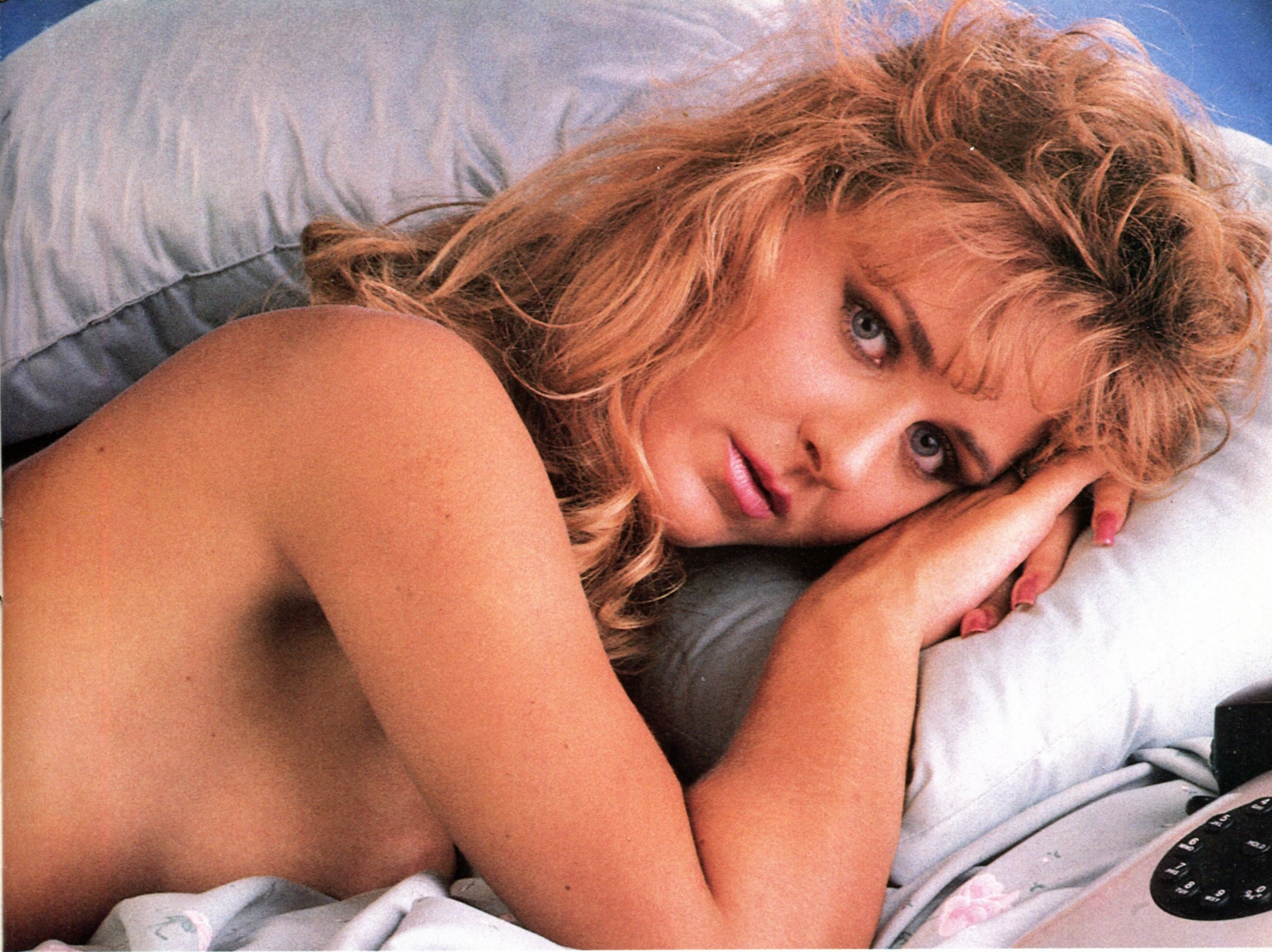




*Janet doesn't depend on men for all her enjoyment. "It doesn't worry me at all if I haven't got a date every night, I'm just as happy to stay in on my own and entertain myself," whispers this rather shy soloist.*















*"I was an only child so I often had to make my own fun. By the time I was sixteen I had figured out quite a few very interesting ways to pass the evening with only the caress of my hands and a mirror!"*

*"Even if I decide to watch TV I usually have my hands between my legs giving myself pleasure. If I'm feeling a bit more adventurous I've got a really*





great box of tricks under my bed which I've collected over the years. I lay them all out on the bed and slip on a little pair of sexy panties and a skimpy bra. Then I work through every device, enjoying the different type of sensation that each gives. It beats reading a book, any day.' ♣









# ROUND ONES!

and decide to go into business as Hollywood film producers. They con their way into a plush Bel Air mansion (owned by former Catwoman Julie Newmar), place a few ads echoing the title and get set up to interview literally hundreds of topless beauties. Of course their little scheme eventually gets out of control, and it all ends in a slapstick riot. Lots of gorgeous crumpet and some laughs too – what more could a chap ask for? To win a copy of the vid in our competition on page 7, perhaps? A pay rise, maybe? (Forget it – Ed) ♣

*Dirty Love* is available from Cineplex.

*Saint Tropez Vice* is available from Electric Video, 10-14 Lonsdale Road, London NW6 6RD.

*Nudity Required* is available from Colourbox Video.

your husband amongst them, find that an exciting proposition. The only way to induce an anteater to give you head is to smear your stonker in honey and then stick it in an anthill. The ants get gummed to the honey then when the anteater comes along . . .

"But how is his helicopter chopped off if it has no teeth?"

"Your husband made two mistakes," I explained. "Firstly, this is North America, not South America. There are no anteaters in North America. Secondly, the anthill he rammed his rod into wasn't an anthill, it was a molehill. Moles, Mrs Hentry, are short-sighted creatures and they feed on earthworms. If you want a description of the thing that killed your husband I should say it was small, dark and hairy, with a pink nose."

Maria Hentry pouted. Her lips were as full and red as the Soviet Communist Party. "You have solved the mystery of my husband's death," she sighed. "Please let me reward you. I will let you have whatever you desire."

I studied her for a moment. She was a fine looking dame and as eager to start ploughing as a farmer's son.

"Buy me a drink," I said.

Broads are fine, but when it comes to sex I prefer to sit in a bar and guzzle my Canadian Club. ♣

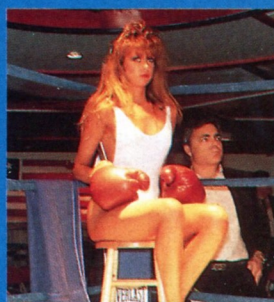
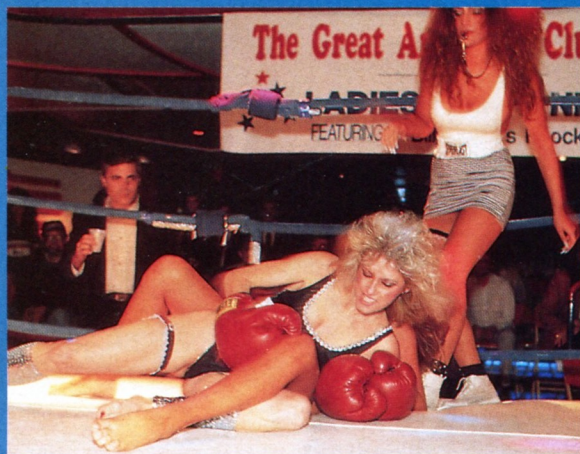
Welcome to your ringside seat for the A.B.A. (Arousal By Arse), W.B.A. (Wobbly Boob Association) unification title fight for the Lonsdale Suspender Belt and a handsome purse (leather pouch with real brass fastener). In the red corner, Sheena

Queen of the Jungle, ten wins, nine KO's (Kit Offs) and one seduction. And in the blue corner, her awesome opponent, the boob-bruising Kitty the Cat Woman, five wins and a disqualification for applying too much eye make-up.

The venue for this

illustrious event, held last month, was the

Great American Clubhouse, New York. It was the first time that women's boxing – very popular out in LA – had been seen in the Big Apple. The winner turned out to be Kitty after the favoured Sheena delivered a blistering right tit uppercut to her own glass jaw. It's a funny old game – know what I mean, Harriet? ♣





ASK YOU NAME IT,  
MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

# ANDREA

There's something about seeing girls in some kind of uniform that drives all you randy guys out there wild. I wonder if it's got anything to do with the power that a uniform represents? Is it that you like to fantasize about a bit of domination, I wonder?! Whatever it is, the thought of dressing myself up in a big, heavy uniform and stripping it off as I imagined you all getting worked up over me was just too much – I *had* to do it.

So it was just a matter of deciding which uniform to wear! I was having a bit of a problem making my mind up until I found this letter from Steve of Leicester. After that, there was no stopping me.

Steve wrote: "Ever since I first saw you, Andrea, I've dreamed of seeing you in a traffic warden's uniform. Don't ask me why, because I don't think I could explain it to you. All I do know is that seeing you in that black uniform, knowing that underneath you'd be wearing the most mouthwatering pale silk lingerie, would drive me into a sexual frenzy."

"I can just picture you standing there with your lovely blonde hair under that peaked cap, which would be perched at a jaunty angle on your head. You have that ever-present wicked look in your eyes as you book me for parking on a double yellow line. As I gaze at your uniform it's all I can do to stop myself from telling you exactly where I'd like to park my pecker!"

"After that, I'd love to see you gradually strip off your uniform when you are back at headquarters, getting hornier and hornier as you strip down to those undies. I'm getting hornier too, as I'm writing this."

I bet you are, Steve – but not as horny as me and all my readers are getting! So you know now why I *had* to do this request. I just hope it gets your uniform approval!♣























## letters to **ANDREA**

**Dear Andrea,**

I have been a Club reader for only a few months but the section I get the greatest pleasure out of is your *Ask Andrea* section. Vol 18 No 1, where you dressed as a nurse, really got me going and Vol 18 No 2, where you are with another blonde, was just as good. But my real fantasy is this.

I am a touch judge for a tennis match. You are on my side of the net and each time you play a shot your skirt goes up, revealing your knickerless bottom! I soon become hooked on your arse and forget my job – even if the opponent's ball lands in, I give it as out.

When you win the match (obviously) I follow you off the court and into the changing room. You invite me into the bath with a dirty look on your face, and you begin to strip off my clothes, telling me what a naughty boy I was for cheating in the game. We then begin to have sex and the whole bath shakes as I shag you rigid. Finally, after an hour of total ecstasy, I empty my balls to the last drop of cream, bringing me to the best orgasm ever.

I hope you can pose as a tennis player with a short white skirt and a tight top where your ballistic tits are clearly visible, as this would bring my fantasy to life perfectly. – *Karl, Surrey*  
*It's that famous shower room fantasy again, isn't it? One of my favourites, that one. I can just imagine you soaping my boobs, cleaning off the sweat that I've worked up on the court, and making my nipples go hard. I'm getting really worked up thinking about that actually – I think I'd better go off and have a cold shower before I get over-excited!*

**Dear Andrea,**

First of all let me both thank and congratulate you for a year's fantastic viewing. I've seen every one of your columns and they continue to be mind-blowing.

What I want to know is when is there going to be a *Best of Andrea* publication (a

guaranteed best seller). Not just for me, but for all the poor sods who only started buying Club recently, and so missed the delights of the French Maid, the Secretary, the School Girl etc.

If you can't oblige with that, why not have a poll of readers on which was the best fantasy, and then do a re-run. Perhaps this could include some new photos too, to turn all of us who have been fans of your column for ages on even more. Please take the suggestion seriously as my cock is simply aching for more of you. – *Chris, Newbury*

*An Andrea special issue, eh? That's a very flattering suggestion, I must say – and I think I'll just go off and butter up the Ed a little...*

**Dear Andrea,**

I love your section in Club and your regular appearances have, for me, turned the magazine into a necessity rather than an option. You are wondrous. I especially love photos of you with other girls, as in Vol 18 No 2, though I don't think you're a lesbo for a minute. I'd really love to see you pictured with Kay Harvey, who has appeared in Club before. I adore her big boobs.

In my fantasy you are wearing a tight sweater dress. I would go mad to see you in a sweater dress. It would ride up very nicely and so would show you wearing electric blue stockings and suspenders. The stockings should be sheer (perhaps seamed) to make the scene even more sexy and you would have your blonde hair down.

I would like to see you in this outfit in some sort of office setting. You could have lots of mishaps, spilling ink, laddering stockings and the like, so that you become more and more dishevelled. Your court shoes and knickers come off and then you are discovered by your female boss. It looks like you've been having a wild self-love session.

The boss should be Kay, who makes you strip her off. She wears a sharp black suit, black stockings and high heels. At this point in my fantasy I usually have to stop, as the ache in my cock gets uncontrollable. This should fill the whole mag, as it

would definitely be perfection – *Phil, Nottingham*  
*Funnily enough, when I was just starting out as a model I used to be an office temp to make a bit of extra money. Of course, as you can imagine I was absolutely hopeless – I couldn't type for toffee, the photocopier hated me and as for my shorthand, it was non-existent. The only bit I was any good at was keeping the boss happy! So your letter really brought back a lot of happy memories for me, Phil. Perhaps I'll have to go and work in your office for a while!*

**Dear Andrea,**

I hope you will not be offended at my suggestion, but I would love to get my rocks off over you in Club posing as a really dirty – but classy – tart. I can just see you wearing a microscopic leather mini-skirt, red high heels, and black fishnet stockings, while on top you would have a skimpy blouse, half-open and knotted at the waist, showing your bare tummy and giving a glimpse of your succulent titties.

You are standing in a very provocative pose, with one hand on your thigh, playing with the opening of your blouse with the other. You beckon to me, licking your red lips and giving me a flash of your boobs. With my dick nearly bursting in my underpants I follow you to your room, where you peel my clothes off, playing tantalisingly with my knob, talking dirty to me, and shamelessly showing me your cunny.

I'm sure this would be a sensational fantasy for all your admirers, Andrea, and would be guaranteed to get you even more! – *Neil, Stockport*

*What my mother always told me, Neil, was the old saying that a girl should always be a chef in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom! And you know that I'm the sort of girl who always follows her mother's advice. So when I'm in bed with a guy, I always remember that! ♣*

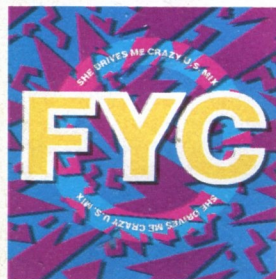
**Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!**





soul music. *Not The Man I Used To Be* is a real tear-jerker," adds the singer.

He grins as I compare his rich singing to the yearning



delivery of Al Green. "My voice is naturally like that, full of emotion. I'm not trying to imitate Otis Redding or Sam Cooke," claims Gift. Cox nods approvingly and explains that they "never use any tricks when recording Roland. Even when you take all the flourishes away, you can still play our songs on an acoustic guitar," states Andy proudly. "This is modern day blues," says Gift. "It's trying, morally and spiritually, to

elevate the listener, to make him forget his or her troubles."

However, the singer gives me a meaningful glare when I mention the similarity between *Good Thing* and Soft Cell's *Tainted Love*. "Actually, it's another song we ripped off," he eventually jokes. Well, he said it . . .

I play it safe and ask him about his film career. Roland seems to go for films with a message, which recalls some of his more meaningful lyrics

(as in *Johnny Come Home*, *Blue* and *Move To Work* on the trio's first album). Thus, in the much talked about *Scandal*, he plays the part of Johnny Edgecombe, one of Christine Keeler's lovers. The impetuosity of his character sparks off the whole chain of events which leads to Stephen Ward's suicide, and John Profumo's resignation.

As in *Sammy And Rosie Get Laid*, Gift relies a lot on his physique and his vaguely

rebellious demeanour. He agrees with me: "I am becoming more and more anti-Establishment. Most of the people in power have so much money and so much time on their hands that they don't know what to do. No wonder they turn to sex," he

"I'm rather good at sex so I

always feel comfortable in bed"

gloats. But surely Cannibals in glass houses shouldn't throw stones . . . ♠

## WANTED: GOOD HOME FOR PERT BOTTOMS

Club International, the magazine that wants to make love to all its readers, makes you an offer you *cannot* refuse. Because we've got the most ravishing, raunchy beauties coming out of our ears, with incredibly awesome tits and bums on every page, we know that you'd jump at the chance to screw each and every one of them!

Of course this is absolutely impossible (not to say rather exhausting) so we're doing the next best thing. For the throwaway amount of £31(!!) we'll send loads of your favourite girls round to your house packed into 13, yes 13 very willing, thick, smooth, and silky copies of just-under-monthly Club International in a completely plain postage cover. So do it today - the girls are getting restless! ♣

# SUBSCRIBE NOW!

I promise to look after, to cherish, to have and to hold my copies of Club International and keep them in a manner to which they are accustomed. So please rush me the next 13 throbbing issues of Club under plain cover. I enclose my cheque/postal order for £31 (£34 overseas).

I am over 18 years of age.

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Send this form to: Subscriptions, Club International, Alan Wells International, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR.



*K a r e n*



*P h o t o g r a p h s   b y  
M i c h a e l   M o o r e*







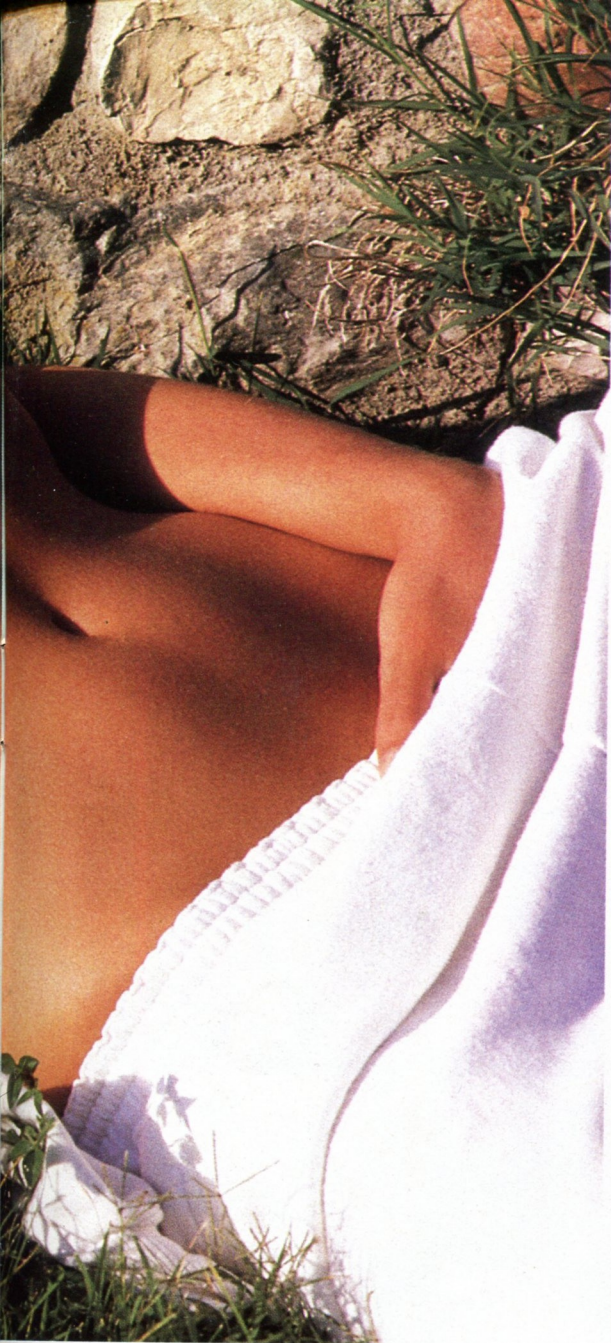
**K**aren is waiting for someone special to come into her life. It seems that Karen is a touch on the innocent side but it's not for the want of trying. "I really don't know what to say because I've been reading your magazine, especially what the models say, and I've never done anything as exciting as they have," sighs Karen, mistakenly thinking











that she's disappointing us. "I've always lived in a small village in Somerset so I've just never come across the sort of guys who would like to do it outside or anything fun like that. Probably the naughtiest thing I've ever done was when a boy walked me home from a local dance and we were involved in a few fumbings on my back steps. Suddenly the light went on





and my Dad opened the door to find me with my knickers round my knees and my dress rolled up to my boobs! You couldn't see the poor boy for dust and he never dared to come back and finish things off properly, I'm afraid to say." ♣









## BAD JOKE

A man on a train turned to the young girl next to him and asked:

"Excuse me, can I smell your cunt?"

"No you can not!" she replied.

"Oh," said the man, "it

must be your feet!" Postman Prat and his black and white twat must have stacked their van on the way to Raymond Towers 'cause this cheese effort from 'Metal-Clad Adson' was the only "joke" we got this month! ♣



## OF RECORDS

indulging in extra marital conjugation with a local greengrocer and a pound of best courgettes. Air trapped in her vagina during the subsequent coupling escaped somewhere between the profiteroles and a plate of cucumber sandwiches at a speed estimated at 20-30mph. It measured over 40 decibels and six on the Richter scale.

The quick witted, and by that time knickerless, Lady Cynthia blamed the aberration on a passing pigeon, but neither she nor the bird were invited to any other Royal garden parties.

The lives of the rich and famous were again targeted in my search for THE MOST OVERDRAWN MAN AT THE SPERM BANK, but instead I found him in the humble village of Tugginham, Norfolk. Dick Puller, an astro turf salesman, has masturbated so prolifically since 1982 that he has been forced to borrow ejaculate from his local sperm bank to prevent his testicles turning inside out.

Dick admits to pulling "at least 18" hand shandies a day for the last seven years, sometimes without even stopping for lunch. His current deficit at his branch of Widdlehands stands at 78 pints of semen.

Interest on the overdraft has been frozen - as has Dick's knob until his bollocks have paid off the deficit.

The cream of the crop there, I feel, but the cream of the bot was what I discovered in a remote village near Merthyr Tydfil just last month. I have now instituted a new category for THE PERTEST BOTTOM ON A WELSH GRANDMA. This belongs to grandmother-of-three Mrs Gwyneth Llanwsellynogogoth, and I myself have first hand knowledge of the authenticity of this particular record.

The 62-year-old lollipop lady claims that she has had her arse pinched some 234,953 times since 1971. Despite head to toe varicose veins, a boil on her inner thigh and a face like a flat tyre, Gwyneth has managed to keep her tush taut and pert enough to make a saint stiff, and beat over 3000 other hopefuls from the North Wales area. Her secret? "I always have sex from behind, press out any wrinkles every morning with my travel iron and get my hubby to suck out any unsightly lumps before he puts his false teeth in."

And since there's absolutely nothing that I can add to that whatsoever, it's back to the lunacy and hello again from myself. ♣

# TOP TITS

What, you might be asking, happens to all the fabulous tits that appear in this little section? Well, ask no more. Once a year, at an address known only to serious lovers of shimmering cleavage and ardent areolae admirers, the gorgeous gazoombas compete at the Tit Of The Year Show.

A handful of lucky

finalists are inspected thoroughly by a panel of judges to find just who will wear the prestigious Golden Boob Bra.

Experts look out for tell-tale sweaty patches beneath the tits, hairy nipples and the exact span of the areola. And control is all important as the tits are subjected to a gruelling assault course, including the awesome 'jump

downstairs in a tight t-shirt'. That one certainly foxed many entrants.

As you can see, this year's winner, Miss Margaret Jug, has agreed to appear exclusively on this page as a show of gratitude to Club, who first unleashed her world-beating breasts on an unsuspecting public. Yet another Club first! - Gary Garbonza ♣





# K A T E

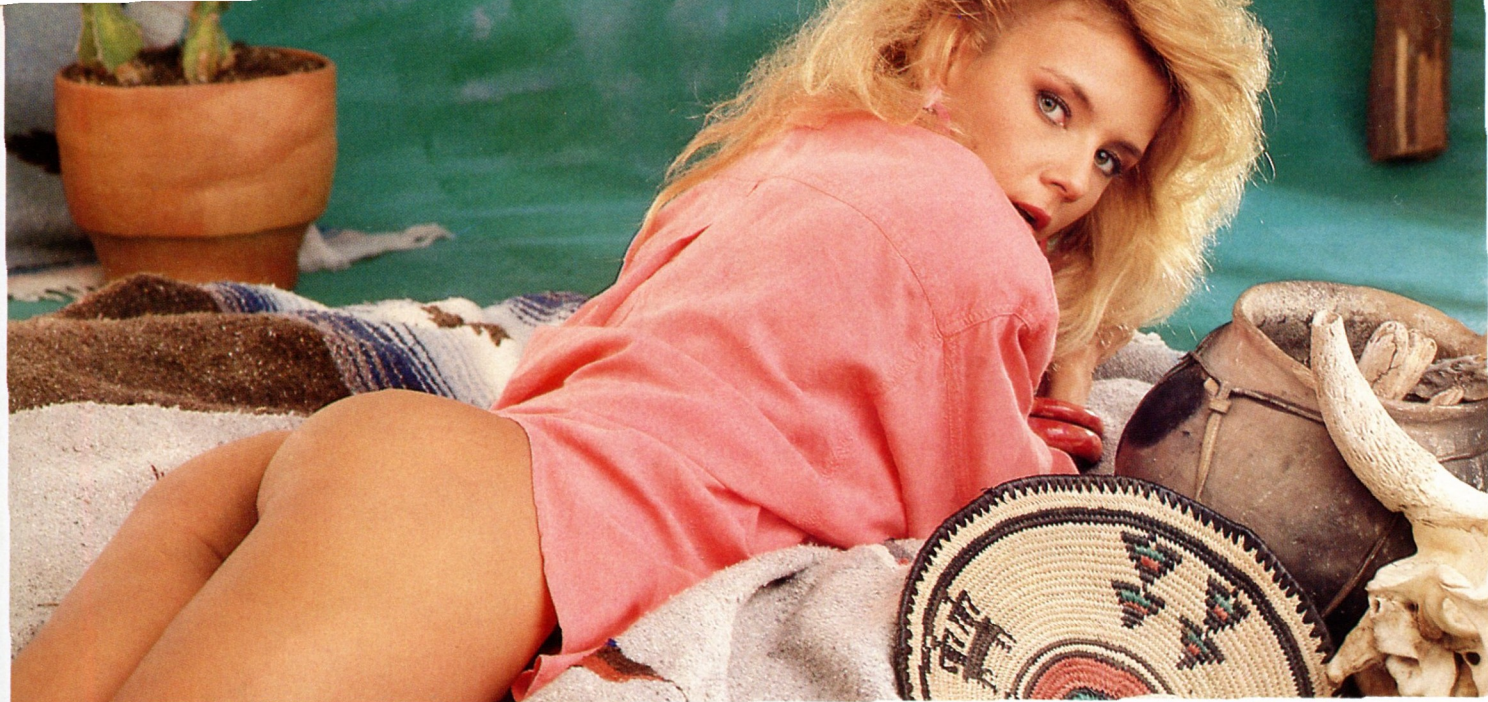


"Do you like my little pink ankle socks? I insisted on wearing them because I know that some of you really enjoy them. I think my feet are the most sensitive part of my body, and believe me, that's really saying something!" exclaims Kate, as her hands stray across her tanned boobs. "My socks are always the last thing to come off when I'm being seduced. They slide off one by one, then I feel



P h o t o g r a p h s   b y   S c o t t   E v a n s











really naked and  
vulnerable. Guys  
play with my toes for  
hours, teasing the  
little soft bits  
between them and  
kissing the soles.  
Rubbing oil into  
them really gets me  
going, too. It's like  
the most intense  
massage possible and





it affects every  
little part of your  
body. I'm too shy  
to tell you what I  
do for them in  
return for all this  
attention but you  
can be sure it's  
'gripping stuff!' '' ♣













K A T E  
club





# JULIA PARTON



Photographs by John Graham



C an you take it? The incredible Julia Parton, our 1988 Girl of the Year, is back again to give you an eyeful of your favourite tits and bum. "I think you know all my secrets by now, except one!" remembers Julia, suddenly blushing at the thought of it. "The first time I appeared in this





magazine and saw it on the shelf  
at my newsagent's I bought a  
copy and rushed home to see  
myself. I turned to my set and  
slowly stripped off my clothes,  
remembering each pose. Seeing  
my naked body in the  
photographs made me so horny I











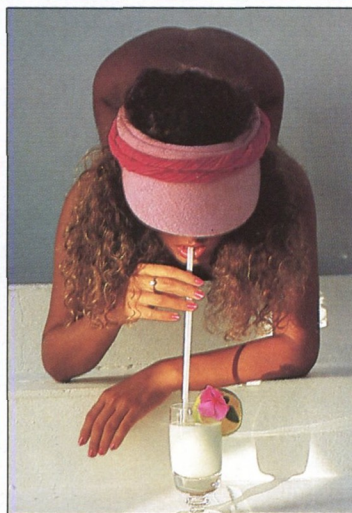




ended up doing some wicked things with a candle while I crouched over the mag. I could imagine what it must be like to be a guy looking at my body for the first time, wanting desperately to hold my boobs and kiss my nipples. I think I'll be doing the same when I see these photographs too!" ♣



# T A BLUE K I N'



**This is the section where you talk to us - and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...**

## Women's Writes

*Where the girls get down to business*

### DOUBLE CREAM

I don't know if my obsession is normal or not, but the fact is that I have a thing about spunk - I just can't get enough of the lovely, hot, sticky stuff! I love a good shag, mind you, but I almost never let my boyfriends come in my cunt, because I want to feel the jism on my skin. I just adore the warm, gooey wetness of a cockload on my bum, my tits, my face - anywhere on my body, in fact, especially if I can reach it with my tongue

afterwards. I just love sucking a gob of spunk off my nipples.

I've discovered that guys vary tremendously in the amount of spunk they can bring up for me, but I know that keeping them waiting before I let them shoot it off definitely helps. Once, when I finally got my boyfriend alone one Saturday evening after he'd been working shifts all week, I couldn't wait to do a strip for him and get out his stiff juicy prick. I knew he'd been working so

hard there wasn't any question of him having had sex or even a wank since I'd seen him last, so I said, "I bet your prick is dying to unload its come; it looks as if it's bursting."

Sam, knowing my liking for pumping up spunk, probably thought he was about to be given the chance to squirt his cockload there and then. But instead I started stroking his balls, saying, "I want loads and loads of milk for my hungry pussy," and shoved my fingers in my hole, which was already wet with excitement and the thought of all that spunk.

I wouldn't let Sam touch himself, let alone come, as I

wanked myself in front of him, even bringing myself off at the sight of his rigid dick. I tickled his cock with my fingernails, and gave his shiny glans a few long licks. But each time he came near the edge I could tell by the twitching in his prick, and I held off and made him wait some more. I think I did pretty well keeping him like that for well over an hour, considering he hadn't had it off for nearly a week. Sometimes I stopped teasing him and let his prick go down, even though his knob-end remained very red and swollen. Then I just had to squeeze my tits or open my pussy to send his cock rocketing up to attention again.

In the end, I couldn't wait any longer and lay on my back, telling Sam to kneel between my legs. I touched his cock lightly with my fingers, and with a few strokes sent his spunk steaming out right up my body. There was a real flood - Sam sent out a thick stream in six or seven bursts. It was really white and gooey, and I spread it all over my body. I'd never seen so much come, and it sent a thrill right through me. After that I was desperate for a good fuck and it didn't take Sam long to get his prick up again and shaft me for all he was worth.

My dream would be to find a guy who could produce as

much juice at the second attempt, but I don't expect I'll ever find that. My obsession, though, left me unsatisfied even with Sam's prodigious output that night. One evening I heard him boasting to a few of his mates in the pub about my 'special liking', and the sight of all those hunky guys suddenly sent a shiver through me as I had an idea.

I went over while they were still laughing and said: "Don't you believe Sam? Why don't you come home with us and see for yourselves?" You should have seen the looks on their faces, but I noticed that no-one turned the invitation down.

Once at my flat, I ordered the guys - six including Sam - to strip off, and I examined their cocks, wondering who had the most spunk to offer. When I opened my blouse and started playing with my tits all six cocks were hard and ready for action. "No wanking!" I ordered. "Not yet." I proceeded to take the rest of my clothes off as teasingly as I could.

When I was nude I lay down on the floor and squeezed my tits together again, making my nipples stand up in excitement. I ordered the blokes to get round me and wank off slowly over my boobs. As they all worked away at their erections, I went hot all over,





and was soon soaking wet between the legs. I played with my tits roughly and rubbed my pussy. "I want you all together," I ordered. They were all pretty excited, and when the first guy shot his load it landed right between my flushed tits. I nearly came at that, and then I was in ecstasy as the other five came all over me in quick succession. My tits were absolutely covered, swamped in lovely, sticky come. I rubbed it all over my boobs, and it dribbled down my neck. I could hardly control myself, and started moving my bottom and hips round. "I need a cock, a cock!" I gasped. "The first one to get a hard-on can shag me silly." I don't know who won, but it was only a minute or so before I felt a ramrod up my cunt that satisfied my craving. I enjoyed a shagging I'd never forget and from more than one cock too! It was the streams of spunk that made me so horny though.

I'm not sure I'd go for such gang wanks all the time – though I did have a dream the other night about being alone with a rugby team! My pussy was very wet when I woke up in a sweat, but luckily Sam was able to oblige me with another tasty tit-load of come. – *Geraldine, Lancs*

## A BIRD IN THE BUSH

As a female ex-journalist, I have often wondered if the steamy tales you print in your confession sections were really written by your women readers and really true. Anyhow, I thought I'd try an experiment. You see, as my husband knows exactly what happened to us, I'd like to test you out by writing what I can assure you is a real true confession by a real girl. (My husband will get a double thrill if he reads this in print too.)

I'm 28 years old and I live with my husband, Billy, in Gloucestershire. My body (38-22-34) is still as trim as it ever was, and Billy seems as interested in it as when he first saw it five years ago. But what I'm about to tell you is a lot more recent, and fresh in the memory.

It all started when my twin sister, who emigrated to the States six years ago, came back to visit us and show off,

for the first time, her husband, Colin. Although she'd written about him and how happy she was, I couldn't actually believe what a hunk he turned out to be. I'm not kidding when I say that he could have been Robert Redford's understudy.

On the second night they were with us, I got up around midnight to go to the loo, and to do so I had to pass their bedroom door. They certainly weren't making any attempt to keep quiet. First of all I heard the bedsprings going frantically, and then Anne, in a very loud voice, said: "Oh Christ, Colin, it's lovely. It's lovely, I want more. I want more. Give me, give me . . ." Well, she certainly got what she wanted, as the words tailed off into a wonderful, satisfying scream. This was followed by gasping noises from both of them, and even the bedsprings got louder too.

I'm afraid I couldn't get it out of my mind what I'd heard (and imagined) outside their door. I shot back into bed, my quim nicely moist for a live session. The thought of Anne and Colin screwing next door had turned me on so much that I felt I had to wake Billy. But the man was out for the count. I really shook him, but he only mumbled in his sleep. I had to bring myself off instead.

I sometimes wonder what might have happened, had Billy woken up when I shook him. Maybe he would have fucked this idea right out of my brain. But as I lay there, thrusting my juicy fingers inside and between my legs, I'm afraid I started to hatch a sexy plot. From that moment, and I don't know quite why, I became absolutely desperate to have my brother-in-law during the four days remaining of their holiday. However, although he was terribly pleasant and courteous to me, nothing I did seemed to turn him on.

I used to walk about the house braless in a tee-shirt with my nipples sticking out like pebbles, but he never appeared to notice anything peculiar about that, never even staring at them in an obvious way. Likewise, when we went out to a dinner-dance and I virtually rubbed myself silly against him, I couldn't even feel the slightest indication of a hard-

on. Clearly, to get Colin aroused it would require something different and I had no idea what it was. But the more I thought about him, the more desperate I got. It made my fingers very busy indeed.

During the second last day of their holiday, I had arranged in the afternoon to have a game of tennis with Colin, while Billy took Anne (who is totally crazy about antiques) to an antique show. Before that, though, I went shopping with Anne in town. We went into a boutique where she tried on a dress. We were in the changing-room together, and when she slipped her jeans and sweater off, it was obvious through the thin blue briefs she was wearing that she had shaved off all her pubic hair.

On the way home in the car, I said to her: "So Colin likes his women shaved, does he?" She laughed and said, "Colin's never known any different. I was like this when we married." It was then that I remembered how it was when Anne lived at home. She was constantly shaving herself, though I'd never paid any attention to it. I suddenly thought of a way to make my dream of a fuck with Colin come true.

That afternoon when Billy

and Anne left for the antique show, I put on my tennis dress, but instead of my usual tennis knickers I slipped on a pair of filmy white briefs which showed everything I had. You see, unlike Anne, I've never depilated myself. We're both inclined to be hairy girls, but I've always kept a dark bush that really deserves the name. I love the feel of it when I'm wanking myself or when Billy's getting into some foreplay.

I had planned things carefully. I shouted down to Colin and asked if he could come up to the bedroom as I couldn't reach the tennis racquets which were on the top of a fitted wardrobe. He came up, politely knocking at the door. He was wearing a white tennis shirt and terribly sexy-looking white shorts. I asked him to get the racquets but while he did this, I said, "Damn. The zip on this skirt's broken. Could you hand me that other one in the wardrobe, please?"

When he was searching for it, I slipped off the skirt and glanced at myself in the mirror. I was just standing in my white tennis shirt, and those little panties which not only showed my dark mass of pubic hair, but were small enough for a lot of my black

hair to peep out round the edges. I thought, "Colin, my lad, if this doesn't get a reaction after what you've been used to, I'll give up."

He turned around with the skirt in his hand and said, "Is this the . . . ?" and stopped in mid-sentence, his eyes riveted to the dark mass hidden only slightly by my briefs. Immediately, the front of his shorts began to expand to such an extent that I thought they'd tear open. He dropped the skirt, took two steps over to me and crushed his lips against mine, while at the same time plunging a hand down the front of my briefs, tangling my pubes in his fingers.

I struggled with the zip of his shorts, finally managing to get them down and as I put my hand inside I couldn't help gasping in wonder. I've always thought Billy had a big cock, but it was tiny compared with this monster. I pulled it out and looked at it. It must easily have been eight inches long, and so thick that I only just got my fingers round it. It had a huge, glistening purple head which was already dripping some juice. I couldn't help thinking, "No wonder Anne was begging for more."

Continuing with his long,





deep kiss, Colin lifted me on to the bed. Then he did a strange thing. He got both pillows and tucked them under my bottom, which raised my cunt, now also glistening and dripping just like his cock, towards him. I lifted up my shirt, pulled up my bra and, with Colin now kneeling between my legs, I slowly began to rub my pointed little nipples.

"Just keep doing that," he said. "I want to watch." It wasn't hard, because I was really excited. His cock was now only centimetres away from my soaking snatch, and the anticipation was more than I could bear. Then I felt it going in, sliding, sliding, as far as it could go. It seemed to keep going and going until I screamed out, "Fuck me, Colin, please fuck me now!"

He began to slide backwards and forwards, gently at first, but then getting harder and much faster as I writhed underneath him. I felt like a doll at the mercy of a giant. Then I

suddenly exploded into, not one, but three orgasms and, while the wave of the third hit me, I felt Colin shoot his load deep inside me. There was so much of it that even when he eventually pulled out, a last squirt shot up over my pubes and stomach and landed, as if he'd planned it, over one of my aching nipples.

By the time Anne and Billy returned – a lot later than they said they'd be – Colin and I had squeezed in a couple more fucking sessions, each one better than the previous one. At first I felt a little guilty about what I'd engineered all along but an incident a little later relieved all my feelings on that score. Billy had asked me to put the car in the garage. When I did so, I accidentally dropped the car keys on the floor and, picking them up, I saw a blue pair of knickers laying underneath the front passenger seat. They were Anne's, the ones she'd worn to the boutique.



The week after Anne and Colin left, I was changing in the bedroom one night when Billy, who always gets a kick out of watching what he calls 'my strip show' said, "I wonder what you'd look like without it." "Without what?" I asked. "Without

pubic hair," he replied. "Oh," I said, "you mean like Anne."

That night in bed, full of remorse, Billy confessed that he had fucked Anne in the car down a country road on the way back from the antique show. Although, in return, I didn't go into the

full graphic details, he certainly caught my drift when I said to him, "Isn't it funny that you get turned on by Anne's shaved pussy, while Colin got the same way just by getting a glimpse at what I've got?" – Sandy, Gloucestershire

## Holiday Blues

### Every Girl Loves A Sailor

I've been reading with interest all the horny holiday stories which appear in *Talking Blue* every month. They never fail to get me turned on, as I love reading stories about lesbian love and wanking myself off over the pictures of the beautiful girls that go with them. And now I've finally got up enough courage to send in my own holiday story, though I've changed all the names of the people concerned.

I broke up with my long time girlfriend last year, so to cheer myself up I went off on an extremely expensive holiday at an exclusive resort in Southern Spain. I wasn't really in the mood for the kind of holiday where you just laze on the beach and do nothing; it would give me too much time to think about all my problems! I wanted somewhere where I could forget everything because there was so much to do. I certainly had picked the right place, as there were so many sporting activities that I found it hard to choose what to do next.

I wasn't exactly looking

for any sex either, but I knew that I wouldn't turn it down when the chance came my way. And when I first saw Helena, it was simply no contest.

I don't know if it was the rubber wet suit that did it, but I felt as if I was going to come the first time I set eyes on her! She was a sailing instructor at the resort where I was staying, and although I was determined to stay firmly on dry land at first, she soon changed my mind about that. The way her curly brown hair

framed her face and just skimmed the tips of her nipples had me virtually creaming myself. I'd never been so strongly attracted to anyone, and I'd go out of my way to catch her eye, either



at the hotel (all the activity instructors lived there and mixed with the guests) or around the beach where she'd

teach holidaymakers how to waterski, windsurf and sail. I'm sure she knew exactly what I was up to, because I'd





catch her smiling at me in a speculative way, but she was determined to make me make the first move.

Of course, all this meant that I was frantically masturbating myself the whole time; just sitting in the dining room watching Helena, knowing that she knew exactly what was going through my mind, had me in a permanently randy state. One night, I'd been watching her throughout the whole of dinner – even the way she was eating was turning me on. I could feel my panties getting damper and damper as I watched her pouty lips opening as she ate, and imagined them on my cunt. I wanted her sharp little teeth nipping into the soft flesh of my inner thighs as she licked me out. Suddenly she caught me staring over at her and grinned.

I couldn't help myself, I just had to bring myself off. My cunt was really hot and tingling as I squeezed my thighs together, feeling my clit being pressed down. I started squeezing them a bit faster, working my juices up until I came. It was all I could do to stop myself from moaning as I had my orgasm, and I just got up from the table then and left the dining room.

I could feel my wet panties sticking to my cunt as I walked to the lift and waited for it. I was looking forward to a really long wank in the privacy of my bedroom when

I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked round to see Helena standing behind me, and then I knew that I wouldn't be sleeping alone that night.

"You've got a big wet patch on the back of your dress!" Helena told me, following me into the lift. "I was watching what you were doing in there, but I thought it'd be much better if I joined in!" As soon as the lift doors closed she grabbed me and started kissing me, rubbing at my crotch to feel how wet my panties were.

When the lift came to a sudden stop at my floor we quickly jumped apart, thinking that someone might see us. "Let's get to my room," I told her, pulling her

out of the lift. "I want to fuck you and I don't think I can wait very long!" I fumbled with the key as she fondled my boobs from behind, twisting my nipples between her forefingers and sending shudders right through me. My legs were like jelly and I was desperate to screw her as we almost fell into the room.

We didn't even make it to the bed. I knelt up on the floor as I buried my face into Helena's muff, which felt incredibly hot through her thin skirt. She'd thrown her shirt on to the floor and was standing there kneading her own tits as I just rubbed my face into her cunt.

"Take your skirt off," I begged her. "I want to lick

your cunt." The next thing I knew, her skirt was on the floor, and I could see to my delight that she wasn't wearing any panties. She'd

trimmed her bush too, and it was shorn close to her cunt lips, giving me a wonderful view of her full, puffy pink lips which were





shining with juice. I didn't hesitate, and got my tongue right in there to give her a good licking.

"Get your tongue right in," she told me, pulling her cunt lips apart so I could lick further inside. "Get right inside! Oh, I love it!" This last was almost screamed as she came, covering my face with juice. I looked up and saw that her boobs were red and hard where she'd been rubbing herself to bring on her climax. I was almost coming too, but I needed her to kiss and suck at my clitty. I turned over on to all fours, sticking my arse high into the air and spreading my cunt lips as wide apart as I could.

Helena needed no other hints, and knelt down behind me, cupping my bum cheeks in her hands as she spread my muff and began to tongue me furiously. My only regret as I came hard was that I couldn't hold out very long! But Helena carried on licking out my cunt, really sucking hard at my clit. I was very wet by now, as I could hear her gulping down my cunt juice, and came again, crouching down and breathing hard with the force of my orgasm.

Eventually I collapsed in a heap, totally exhausted by the blissful feelings. Helena lay beside me, stroking my body and smearing my juices from my cunt all over my stomach and tits. Neither of us could





speak at first, but then Helena started telling me how she'd fancied me right from the start, how she'd wanted me to approach her, and how she'd been *very* busy with her vibrator every night until she'd decided she couldn't wait any longer.

That night, as you can imagine, we didn't get out of the hotel at all – we didn't even get out of the bedroom. We fucked every way possible, using the top of a wine bottle as a dildo to bring each other off when Helena couldn't be bothered to go and fetch hers, licking each other out time and time again, letting our fingers work overtime in each other's cunts. The best fuck we had was in the shower, when Helena knelt down to bring me off under the warm spray of water. As I held her head firmly to my pussy hole, I thought about what I'd been missing and wished I'd made a move earlier. I only had a week of my holiday to go, and now I was determined to pack in as much sex as possible.

Helena sneaked out of my room early the next morning, to avoid being spotted by any of the other staff, and we arranged to go out later that night. But after an hour or two I couldn't wait any longer – I was overcome by lust and as I madly fingered myself I suddenly decided to surprise Helena by going down to see her at work. She'd told me that she'd be working with a couple of guys from the hotel, teaching them how to sailboard, so I put on my briefest bikini and rubbed suntan oil all over my body, making it shine and glisten. My fanny tingled as I rubbed it in, and my bikini bottoms clung almost obscenely to my cunt and bum. But I didn't notice any of the stares from other residents at the hotel; I was only intent on turning Helena on.

I soon found the sailboard centre. It looked pretty deserted as it was lunchtime, but as I came round the promontory to the jetty, I could hear the sound of Helena's voice. As I came closer I could hear what she was saying too.

The sight I came upon was one of the horniest I've ever seen. Helena was on the floor, kneeling between the

two blokes who she was supposed to be teaching to sailboard. She was certainly giving them some kind of lesson.

Her rubber wet suit was rolled down around her boobs, and was unzipped the whole way round the crotch and bum. As she crouched there doggy style, the taller of the two blokes was thrusting his cock between her lips for her to suck noisily. I watched as his friend penetrated her cunt from behind, his balls slapping noisily against her taut bum as she wiggled her hips to get his whole length inside her. She was moaning (as much as she could with her mouth full of stiff cock) as she got a good seeing-to from both ends.

This shocked me at first, since I had no idea that Helena was into men as well



as women. But what shocked me even more was the way that I couldn't stop myself from immediately putting my hand inside my panties and fingering myself. I slipped two fingers into my love hole as I watched the two blokes get nearer and nearer to coming. Just then, Helena took the cock out of her mouth and yelled: "Shoot your come all over me. I want your hot come!" At once their cocks both jerked and I watched the long strings of come fly out of their cocks as they aimed them at Helena's body. Their wads hit her boobs, face and neck, and immediately she started to rub it into herself, licking her lips and putting a real show on for the guys as she did it. I could see their cocks start to harden again at the sight.

Before I knew what I was doing, I'd walked over from where I'd been hiding and gone straight up to Helena.



"I think it's about time I got to taste some of that stuff," I said, throwing off my bikini and bending down to take one of her boobs into my mouth. The two guys just stood there in amazement as they watched me knead and suck Helena's tits one after the other, tasting the salty come which they'd just sprayed all over her.

Helena grinned at me as she watched my mouth work its way down closer and closer to her cunt. I nuzzled her sparse pubes, tasting her juices, and bent right down so that I could lick her out properly. It was then that I felt the sudden thrust of one of the blokes' cocks as he pushed it into my cunt. It was something I hadn't felt in years, and I must admit that it gave me a real thrill, feeling my pussy being totally filled up with pulsing hot cock.

The bloke behind started to fuck me hard then, pulling his cock almost all the way









out of my cunt before ramming it hard back in again. His fuck strokes were getting faster and faster, and I bucked my bum as I felt a climax building up in my pussy. I was tonguing Helena faster too, feeling the walls of her cunt contract around my tongue as I sucked at her. Her hips were thrashing around as she came noisily, and at that moment I felt a cockload of spunk being unloaded into my cunt. It ran out of me down my thighs.

I was ready for a rest after

such a thorough shafting, but almost immediately I felt the other guy thrust his meat straight into my sopping cunt. I was so wet and full of spunk that he was inside me balls deep with the first thrust, and I watched over my shoulder as he fucked me, slapping his balls against my arse. It didn't take him long to come and shoot another wad into my pussy.

I collapsed on the jetty after that, but there was more to come for me as Helena got

down on her hands and knees between my spreadeagled thighs and started to drink the spunk that was leaking out of my cunt. I could hear her noisily slurping out every drop as I orgasmed yet again, and she brought herself off with her fingers.

I was so embarrassed that I couldn't bring myself to look any of them in the face after that. But for the rest of my holiday I continued to fuck Helena, although I haven't been with any more men since then. — *Kelly, Downham*





# Couples Confess

*Share and share alike! That's the idea of good group sex. And here in Couples Confess is where you share your dirtiest real life experiences with us.*

I was recently initiated into the pleasures of group sex – and once I'd tried it, I couldn't get enough of it! I haven't confessed it to any of my friends yet, although I know they all suspect something, so I thought I'd write it all down for Club. I still can't get over what happened.

In my spare time I DJ at a local club once a week; it regularly gets packed, and I've found that it's a great place to pick up girls. I've had quite a few interesting encounters during my time there, but a couple of weeks ago I was picked up by a girl I hadn't seen before, and the encounter certainly taught me a few new tricks.

It was half way through the evening and the club was packed when this stunning blonde appeared in the booth and asked for a record. I took my time finding it, so that I could bend down and eye up her gorgeous long legs in the very short mini skirt she was wearing. It hid nothing of her long, shapely thighs and, as I picked up the record she wanted, I saw right up her skirt – she very definitely had no panties on. I could just about make out a few wisps of her blonde pussy, but I couldn't make out anything else because it was dark in the booth. Just that faint glimpse had given me a raging hard-on though.

The girl seemed to know that too; I could tell by the way she grinned at me and winked. Then, as I stood there, I watched in amazement as she slipped one hand up inside her skirt and started to finger herself. She cocked her index finger and stuck it right into her gash, pulling it in and out slowly a couple of times while rubbing her clit with her thumb. I could hardly believe my eyes, and I nearly missed the cue for the next record as I watched her. She was certainly a horny piece.

I turned round to start up the next track and line up a couple of other records, and I

was just announcing the next one when I suddenly felt the zip on my trousers being undone. My voice squeaked a bit over the mike as the blonde knelt underneath the deck and fished my cock out of my trousers. I could feel that it was hard and pulsing, and the knob end was coated with pre-come. The next thing I knew she'd wrapped her lips round my tool and was furiously sucking me off.

It didn't take me long to shoot my wad into her eager mouth; I just hoped that no-one could see what was going on as I put on the last record of the night. The blonde carried on nibbling my balls and fondling my cock even after I'd come, as if she couldn't get enough of it. I was determined to fuck her once everyone had left.

But the blonde, whose name I discovered was Candy, had other ideas. "How'd you like to come back to my place and meet my flatmates?" she asked me, getting up and zipping up my trousers.

"If they all look like you, I'm game!" I grinned at her. If they all looked like her, my cock would be working overtime!

I could hardly keep my hands off her in the taxi back to her place, and by the time we arrived her cunt was soaking wet from the attentions of my fingers. She must have been as desperate for a fuck as I was.

Inside her flat, I could hardly believe my luck as she introduced me to her flatmates. There were four of them – and they were all gorgeous! Not only that, but they were all wearing extremely scanty clothes and obviously raring to go. I turned to Candy and asked, "How did they know I was coming, or are they always like this?"

Candy just grinned and replied, "When I was ordering the taxi I rang home and told the girls to expect some company. If any of us ever meets a tasty fella we

always share him – it's so much more fun!" With that, she pulled off her mini skirt and top, and walked over to one of her friends, a plump redhead.

"This is Gina," she told me as the redhead opened her frilly dressing gown to reveal that she was naked underneath. Her smooth pale skin looked pretty inviting, and I watched fascinated as Candy thrust a couple of fingers into Gina's pouting snatch. I had to get my cock out and start wanking myself as I watched.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that two of the other girls were getting down to it. They were both petite brunettes, called Toni and Trisha, and they'd obviously fucked each other before as they seemed to know each other's body pretty well. They were writhing on the floor in a hot 69, with the sound of slurping pussy juice being almost the only sound either of the two were making. But I was feeling a bit deprived watching the horny sight and not doing anything myself.

"Who do I get to fuck then?" I asked, reaching down to undo my trousers. But before I could get my pecker out, the last girl, a blonde called Gail, ran over to me and pulled down my trousers, forcing them off over my cowboy boots. I was about to take them off too but she stopped me.

"No, leave your boots on!" she ordered. "Take everything else off but leave them on – I like real men who wear real boots." Things were just getting better and better as she knelt down and clamped her lips round my prick. Her bright red lipstick left rings all round my shaft as she started to suck me off.

I looked round the room as she was doing this, and the sight of the other four girls going at it with each other nearly made me shoot my load instantly. They had all joined forces now, a tangle of tongues and cunts in the corner of the room. I couldn't tell whose hands were whose as I watched tits, arses and pussies being fondled. It was the horniest sight I'd ever seen, and I knew that I couldn't hold back from coming much longer.

"I'm going to shoot!" I warned Gail as my cock

started to violently twitch and swell even more. My balls felt like lead weights as I felt my spunk coming up.

"Do it on my face," Gail yelled. "I want to taste your come." I pulled my cock from between her lips and she held it up in front of her face as I shot bolts of come all over her lips, nose and

forehead. I'd never shot so much before and it seemed that her face was covered in the stuff. When I'd finished I sat down, exhausted, as Gail started to lick what she could off herself.

The others decided that they wanted a taste of my come too, as they all piled over and started to lick it off





Gail's face, until she was covered with their saliva as they licked her clean. The sight of that was almost enough to get me coming again, but I could tell my cock wasn't quite ready for it yet, not having recovered from my huge orgasm.

There were moans and shrieks coming from all the girls now as they brought each other off. Gail seemed to be underneath it all, and I could see five wet pussies dripping juice on to the carpet; all their horny juices were running into each other's cracks and a large wet patch had appeared on the carpet under them. But I think everyone was past caring what the landlord might say.

I lost count of how many times I watched them all come as they licked each other out and fingered each other. I doubt if they even knew which person was frigging off whom. By the time they'd all had their climaxes and lay in a sweaty, juice soaked heap, my cock was as hard as a poker again. I sat back in the chair and stroked it, pulling my foreskin up and down with slow movements that got my balls stiffening up. Toni and Trisha got up then, still caressing each other, while Candy took charge.

"He looks like his balls are getting full," she said to the others. "Shall we give him what he wants? Shall we let him fuck all of us?"

All the girls were on their feet in a flash, and I was pulled out of the chair and made to stand in the middle of the room. I was still wearing my boots, which the girls insisted that I keep on, as they all set to work on me.

"Think you can keep it hard for all of us?" Toni teased as she and Gina nibbled at my balls, her soft lips and sharp little teeth making me buck my hips towards her mouth. Gail, who was definitely a foot fetishist, bent down and started to lick all the way down the inside of my legs until she reached my boots. She inhaled the smell of the leather deeply before starting to lick them too, and I could see that she had a couple of fingers in her own cunt while she was at it.

Trisha and Candy, meanwhile, had set about getting my dick as hard as

possible by both tonguing it at the same time, running their hands and tongues up and down the shaft which was bobbing up and down as if it was on a piece of elastic. I held their heads on to it, making sure they didn't stop, as I could feel my balls filling up full of spunk again.

They seemed to be able to sense this without me saying anything, as they begged me not to waste my come. "I want it in my pussy first!" Candy said, bending over in front of me and holding her juicy pussy lips open in front of my gaze. I'd never seen a pink, throbbing cunt at such close quarters before. "After all, I was the one who found him!" The sight of her cunt so close and inviting made me ram my cock right into her snatch, and I started thrusting backwards and forwards, taking it all the way out each time before pushing it gradually further into Candy's wet cunt. By the squeals she was making I could tell that I was really filling her properly, and she was fondling her hanging tits as I shafted her.

A series of piercing screams told me that she'd come, so I quickly whipped my cock out before I shot my load and said, "Who's next then?" Trisha was next, and I eased my tool into her tight pussy and began to thrust and withdraw again. I could really feel the walls of her cunt pressing round my hot dick as she hugged it inside

her. Her pussy was completely shaved, and it was a real turn-on to be able to properly see my cock drilling in and out of her love hole. After she'd come with a final spasm round my cock I was beginning to feel a bit knackered but the other three insisted that they should have their turn.

Tiny Toni was next, and she was so small and tight that I had a real problem getting my whole length into her, but she took all she could. My thrusts were so powerful and she was so small and light that I almost lifted her off the floor as I

shafted her, making her moan and shriek like nothing I'd ever heard before – it was like the soundtrack to a porn film! By the time I'd finished with her, and then the redhead Gina, I could feel come starting to leak out of the end of my cock, so I urged Gail to be quick.

She bent over in front of me, showing her long gash that was covered in her own juices. What a horny sight as she looked behind her with her buttocks spread and asked me to fuck her. My cock slid into her with no problem, as she was so well lubricated, but it was only a

couple of seconds before I couldn't hold back any longer and spunked inside her. It started leaking out of her pussy as my cock went limp, but she carried on bucking against me to bring herself off. The other girls all bent down between her thighs and licked up my come as it dripped out of her.

It took me more than a few days to recover from that night, and since then the randy flatmates have been using me as their stud on every possible occasion. As you can imagine, I've hardly been raising any objections! – Nick, Brighton♣





# PORN *Princess*

## GINGER LYNN

We all know the old saying that gentlemen prefer blondes, but from over in the US a different story reaches us—*Gentlemen Prefer Ginger!*

And that's just one of the films that our latest queen of porn, Ginger Lynn, has made in her illustrious x-rated career. *Club Ginger*, *The Poonies*, *Blowoff* and *Sex Asylum* were some of the other smashes that have helped make her one of the biggest porn stars of the decade.

"I really loved showing my body off for all the guys in the

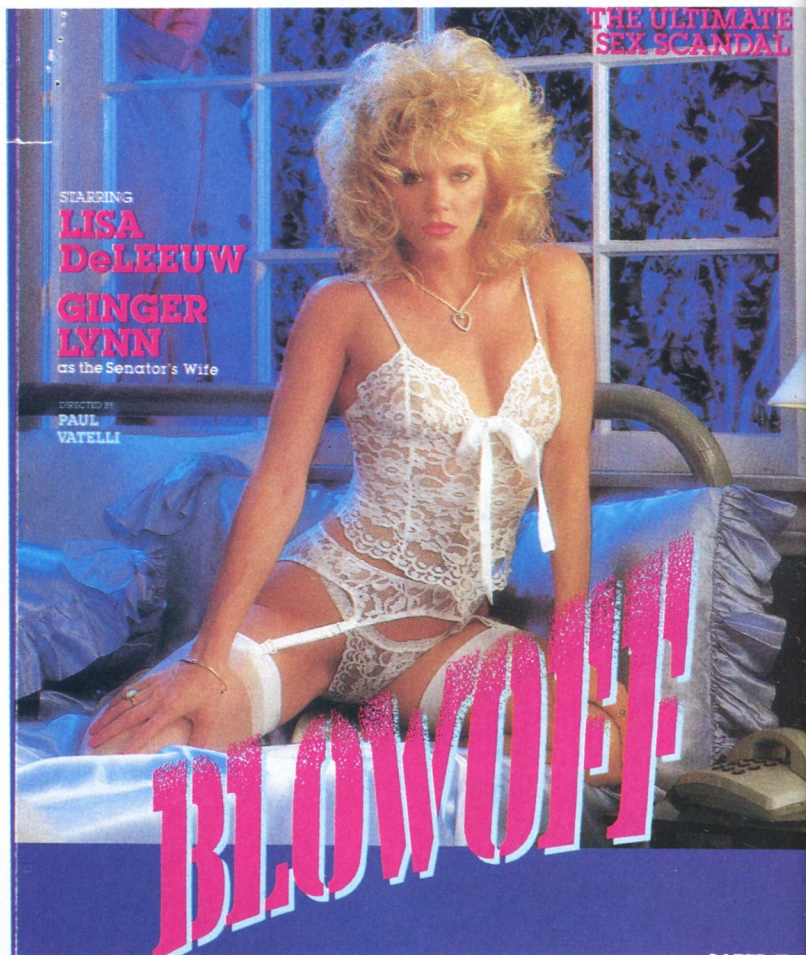








UK,” Ginger told us. “Modelling always makes me feel incredibly horny. I’d love to think of you all wanking over me while I get screwed by all those guys and girls on film. Wow! This is getting me really horny now, you know . . .” ♣









## TV BEAUTY

## PAULA HAMILTON



In that famous Volkswagen TV ad, Paula Hamilton leaves her man, throws away her fur coat, her pearls, her wedding ring . . . but hangs on to her car keys. However, there was a time when Paula was willing to throw off a bit more to show just what a liberated woman she is. Like every scrap of clothing!

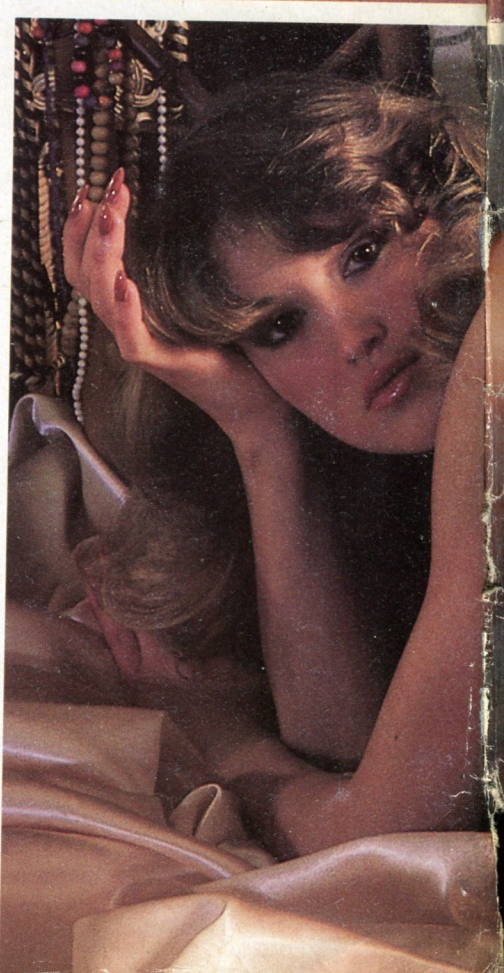
Paula posed for this exclusive nude set a few years ago. Now, she's one of Britain's most in-demand models, with film offers flooding in too. "I'm very much in the public eye," acknowledges Paula. And what an eyeful.

— But whatever she gets up to in future, we suspect she'll never do anything quite this revealing again. Our camera













captures what the TV lens missed – incredible boobs, firm bum, legs that go on forever and a seductive look she never showed on *that* commercial. But what else would you expect from your favourite men's mag? Ah, if only everything in life was as reliable as Club . . . ♣